



Skyrim (our version)



👁 29 ✓ 1 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Chris Walker

"Gaurds come look at this. He's not on the list". "What race are you and what is your name."

Chapter 2 by Fay Sojourner



The chained youth lowered his head, "Ki ... I'm an elf." The human scribe tilted his head, "Ki? As in K-A-I? Or K-Y?"

"K-I," The human scribe nodded and began to write on his scroll. The human captain's intense gray eyes narrowed at Ki. "Ki? The elf?" The captain said, "That's intriguing. And in how in God's name did you fall into our hands?" The captive elf avoid the captain's gaze. He didn't want to talk. He wanted out. "C'mon boy," the captain cooed, "where you from?" Ki remained silent. Then he sighed, "When can I leave?"

"Leave?" The captain laughed, loud and harsh, "You can't leave. You're going to market to be sold! Don't you know how much elves are worth?"

Ki gulped. Slavery was illegal to his kind. But apparently to humans, it wasn't.

The captain continued to stridently laugh. Soon, the guards with him joined in. "Oi! You're a funny fellow!" Right then, an old man carrying old scrolls, papers, and books came in. The man began to speak. "Captain. I need to talk with—"

"Not now Fergus"

"But Sir! It'll just take a—"

"Don't you see I'm busy!"

"I know, but I need to see—"

"Bout what?"

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"Well, a man doesn't regularly encounter these creatures so easily, if he does, it's usually an accident—"

"You're point?"

"I would like to speak with him."

The captain sighed. "Fine. Get on with it, but I'd like to sell him tomorrow."

He and the guards walked out the door and slammed it behind him, leaving Ki with the scribe and the old man, Fergus. Fergus then put the things he was carrying on the ground and sat down. He turned to the scribe, "child, get a new scroll. I need you to write down notes." The scribe nodded and pulled out another scroll. Fergus then adjusted his wire brim glasses. "Based on what used to belong to you, you're from Skyrim."

"So?" Ki snapped, "How is that important?"

"Skyrim is an elven kingdom faraway from here. What brings you so far from your home."

"None of your business." Fergus raised an eyebrow. Skyrim. A name that Ki never wanted to hear again. There, he was royalty. There, he was known as Prince Kiar, heir of Skyrim. Then it happened. That terrible thing that tried to take ahold of his fate. So he decided to runaway. He cut off his hair, disguise himself as a commoner, and went far from Skyrim.

"Ki?" The elf youth looked up. "It's a long story."

"I don't mind hearing. I'm used to long stories." Ki took a deep breath. "Alright, then. It started the other day, not so long ago..."

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